

A Royal Wife Beater.

Prince Frederick Leopold Causes a Terrible Scandal in the German Court.

His Long-Suffering Wife, the Empress's Sister, Badly Injured.

Blows and Curses Have Been Her Portion Since the Birth of Her First Child.

THE KAISER HER STERN AVENGER.

Wilhelm Has Placed His Sister-in-Law's Brutal Spouse Under Arrest and May Deprive Him of His Sword.

Berlin, Dec. 31.—Of all Kaiser Wilhelm's sensational feats none will be so generally and heartily indorsed as his rigorous punishment of a royal wife beater.

The story of the Emperor's quarrel with his wife's sister, Princess Frederick Leopold, involves a terrible court scandal, which the officials are doing their best to suppress. All news of it, with the exception of a brief account of the accident that befell the Princess a day or two ago, has been rigorously excluded from the wires. That there was imperial authority for this attitude was freely admitted.

"Don't insist," your correspondent was told, "or your action may be construed as 'lese majeste.'"

And this in spite of the fact that the story reflected the highest credit on the Kaiser's manhood and chivalry.

Frederick Leopold became the Kaiser's brother-in-law by his marriage to Princess Louise Sophia of Schleswig-Holstein, sister of the Empress.

The accident which befell the Princess while skating near the Castle Gliencke, the country residence of the Emperor, resulted in bringing the terrible story of her silent sufferings to light.

It seems that Her Royal Highness and one of her ladies, by some unfortunate accident, through the ice and were saved with difficulty by passers by, who carried them to the castle. After the Princess had been rubbed down and made comfortable in bed her husband came in, fresh from the Potsdam drill grounds. The master of the household reported the accident to him, and with the words "Her Royal Highness was forbidden by me to leave her room," he jumped up the stairs and into his wife's boudoir.

What followed has been described to me by a chambermaid who left the service at Castle Gliencke immediately afterward.

"The Prince burst into the chamber like a madman. Just as I was placing hot bottles to Her Royal Highness's feet," says this witness, "grabbing me by the shoulders he pushed me into the next room and then threw his helmet into his wife's face, crying out: 'You disobedient wife! You cause an rupture between myself and the Emperor. He will say I let you go unattended, hoping that you might drown on the excursion.'"

"My mistress endeavored to say something in reply, but at the same moment I heard the riding whip whizzing through the air and came upon the Princess's head and shoulders. I rushed out and placed myself between His Highness and the royal lady, who was crying for help. I myself shouted lustily and received several strokes with the whip in retaliation. Then the gentlemen and ladies on duty in the drawing room, as well as several servants, came running in, and the Prince reluctantly slunk away.

"He had a fit in his own room afterward, so I heard, but his own servants refused to attend to him. They let him lie in his agony until the doctor arrived."

By these proceedings the whole castle seems to have been aroused. In the midst of the commotion a four-horse coach drove to the yard, from which the Emperor stepped in great haste and excitement. Her Majesty had intended to drive to Berlin, when she was advised of the accident to her sister. She immediately turned her horses' heads, making a dead run for Gliencke.

The Kaiser's suspicions were aroused when the hastily summoned master of the household informed her that he would announce Her Majesty's visit to the Princess. "Nonsense," said the Empress, "I will go at once to see my poor sister."

Thereupon the official conducted the Empress to the elevator, which he knew to be out of order, and himself skipped to Her Royal Highness's room. The Princess was in convulsions, but the intelligence of her sister's arrival partly revived her. She declared that she was unfit to be seen and that she would allow no one to enter her room, not even by command of the Kaiser himself.

On hearing this the Empress, now thoroughly frightened, quickly went to the telephone and summoned her husband, who arrived from the parade grounds on horseback within fifteen minutes. The Imperial couple held a consultation, and then, ordering everybody to stand back, proceeded to the Princess's boudoir, which they found locked. The Kaiser, who knows the castle well, thereupon opened a door secreted in the wall and entered quietly with his wife.

They found Princess Louise Sophia crying before her toilet glass and engaged in putting glycerine and powder on several long scars on her face, head, neck and bosom. Everybody could see that they were the result of a heavy beating with a whip. Seeing their majesties enter the Princess recognized that there was no further use for concealment. She broke down completely and told not only the happenings of that particular day, but the long story of her secret sufferings.

Married in 1889, she has been an unhappy and maltreated wife for the last five years. She says she has hidden her husband's shame and her own disgrace before the servants and her relatives and friends by all sorts of devices, but her little children, five and four years old, have several times witnessed Prince Leopold's cruelties.

Kaiser and Kaiserin were horror-struck at what they saw and heard. They looked at the doors of all the adjoining rooms and then the Princess to bed again. His Majesty knows a thing or two about first aid to the wounded, and with the assistance of a medicine chest soon succeeded in alleviating somewhat his sister-in-law's physical pains. Then he ordered that Prince Leopold appear at once, and upon being told that His Royal Highness was suffering and in bed he commanded that he be carried to his room.

The Kaiser let the wretch sit down in a chair, and Princess Louise Sophia was told to repeat the story of her sufferings, which she did under many protests. Only once during this recital did Frederick Leopold attempt to deny the terrible charges, but the Kaiser interrupted him with the words: "I will treat you as the Emperor of Austria treated the infamous Archduke Otto, if you add one word of insult to the injuries he has done this lady."

Otto, it should be explained, was knocked down and soundly whipped by his imperial uncle, several years ago. He had amused himself by secreting several boon companions in his wife's bedroom, that they might see her undress.

The Princess stated that her husband's love for her turned to hatred after the birth of her first child, a girl. Since then he has never ceased upbraiding her on account of her poverty, and parading his wealth before her. But during the last two years he has employed his riding whip, proclaiming that he would make her life a hell as his father did that of the Princess Maria Anna. To have her in his power, he insisted upon living all the year round in Castle Gliencke, which is two hours from Berlin by rail and a long distance from their majesties' residence. He drove his mother, the widow of the late King, from the family palace opposite the Kaiserhof, in Berlin, claiming that he meant to exile himself, but, that accomplished, would not allow his wife to enter

it. The Prince also sorely maltreated his children, with the exception of the youngest, who is a boy.

The recital wound up with the statement that Prince Leopold had lately forbidden his wife to drive out or to take any outside exercise without special permission. The gentleman of her court had, therefore, refused to accompany her when she went skating, and thus the accident had happened.

After hearing everything the Kaiser placed Prince Leopold under arrest in his bedroom, ordering that he should be fed like ordinary prisoners; at the same time he deprived him of his sword and called by telephone twelve grenadiers to guard his door and the windows of the room.

The imprisonment is to last for two weeks, after which the Emperor will decide whether Prince Leopold shall remain in the army or not. At any rate, he has to give up his command at the head of the Imperial Body Guards. The Princess may sue for divorce before the family council at once, if she chooses so, and the Emperor promised her that she should retain possession of her daughters and a large income. As the head of the family, the Kaiser is absolute in his decisions concerning the members of the royal family.

The affair leaked out, as was to be expected, and everybody is talking about it. To-day I accompanied a number of Potsdamers to Castle Gliencke, and from the top of the hill we saw the Emperor's army marching through the snow up and down in front of the imprisoned Prince's window. Of course, everybody is in hearty sympathy with his wife, and upholds the Emperor's prompt and decided action, but many of Prince Leopold's comrades in the army claim that he is only partly responsible for his acts.

"The cruel treatment the Prince received," said a friend of his, "has done him moral and physical wreck." He is a well-known physician to me. "He is an epileptic, and the least unforeseen sound makes him shudder with fright. He is suffering from a fixed idea that he will never escape corporal punishment if he grows to be a hundred years old. For this very reason he lacks all military and manly spirits. Instead of commanding a regiment, he should be placed in an asylum."

Prince Leopold is immensely wealthy, his fortune exceeding twice that of the Emperor.

Intelligent Beetles.

[Houston Post.]
Last week I came home one night and, by accident, opened the pantry. I was surprised at finding at least a hundred big beetles scampering across the floor to escape into their lair. I saw that they all disappeared down a circular hole in one corner of the closet. Next night I sallied forth on a tour of extermination. I prepared a trap by setting out a hole and a fat caged with which to annihilate the critters. I approached the pantry with a lighted candle, and the door suddenly opened and the roaches fully realized my presence. I had their escape completely blocked. It was a sight worth seeing. Some of them were in the center of the pantry playing "ring around the rosy." When they saw the light, they suddenly interrupted their sports and made a bee-line for home. Astonishment was written on every lineament of their black bodies when they saw their escape cut off. I set the candle on the floor and belabored them right and left with my weapon. Soon I had the door strewn with corpses. All at once my light went out. A venerable looking, patriarchal man, with a long white beard, realizing that the salvation of his family and relatives lay in darkness, had climbed up the candle and thrown himself across the flame. Like Arnold Winkelried, he died in a trice, but before I could strike a match the last of the still living bugs had found some secret means of exit and had disappeared. That's what I call intelligence. I have that hero's body embalmed in my collection, and since that adventure I have the greatest respect for roaches. When I want to exterminate them now, I treat them to ten cents' worth of poison.

The Suspected.

[Tid-Bits.]
The following story is told of a precocious little girl of ten. She is the daughter of a well-known lady of considerable charms, whom the family doctor was visiting for influenza. He felt the pulse gravely and tenderly, holding her wrist after the orthodox manner of a ladies' doctor, as he sat beside her in the drawing-room. As he did so he became aware that the child had her great grey eyes, full of inquiry, fixed upon him.

"You don't know what I'm doing?" said the medical man, looking at the young girl.

"Yes-I do," was the portentously solemn reply. "You are making love to my mother!"

The Sentinel Rat.

[Philadelphia Record.]
The shrewdness and sagacity of aged members of the rodent family have been demonstrated in countless instances, but an incident recently witnessed by Superintendent Tyler, of the City Hall, is worthy of remark. The yard of a house adjoining a stable on Seventeenth street, above Fairmount avenue, has been infested with rats for a long time, and a few days ago a member of the family set a large trap in the yard. Mr. Tyler was seated in the rear room of a Grayson street house, watching results with great interest. First one rat scudded across the

grass and took an observation. In another minute a dozen little rats came trooping along with the evident intention of sampling the cheese. Just then a lean, long, gray old rat, with his tail chopped off, probably from a previous exercise without special permission, came trotting away. The old fellow kept watch all the afternoon, and effectually prevented a single rat, young or old, from entering the trap.

For Uniform Spelling.

A discussion having been raised in the columns of the Times as to the correct spelling of certain words, Dr. B. A. Abbott expressed strong opposition to a rigid official orthography, saying: "Is it not time that we should give up this wasteful, arbitrary and often erroneous attempt at uniformity?" Professor J. Barie scolds this opinion, asserting that the process of compelling a uniform orthography is a strife against nature. Language is a product of life, and it shares the incidents of life, of which none is more pressing than the absence of a uniformity of sound to slow but natural reform in to relinquish correction and let all men spell as they like, trusting that the natural process of the survival of the fittest will, in due time, bring about a spontaneous improvement.

Unbearable Monotony.

[Chicago Daily News.]
Bridget O'Sullivan, an elderly Irish cook, had been induced to go to a quiet little suburban town to live in a wealthy gentleman's family. Two weeks after her arrival she declared her intention of returning to the city. "Why do you leave us, Bridget?" asked her mistress, in a pained tone. "We pay you the very highest wages." "Ye do, ma'am, an' yer a perfect beauty," O'm not javin' too many facts, av de lord, but this place is such a dead old place, that, begorry, O' have to meek up a pack of ivry time O' go to confession or O' have nothin' to confess."

One Fool's Love Story.

Poor, Persecuted Little Max Lebaudy Had a Real Romance.

The Paris Public Loves His Memory Because of His Sad End.

But More Yet Because of His Affaire de Coeur with Mlle. Marsy.

LEFT THE ACTRESS ALL HIS GOLD.

He Was a Warm-Hearted Chap and Clung to This Charming Woman in His Last Hours—Her Pa-thetic Letter.

Paris, Jan. 3.—Poor little Max Lebaudy! Now that he is dead, no one has anght

but kindly words for him. How changed is the sentiment since a year or two ago, when he was devising idiotic means of dissipating his patrimonial millions!

But many things have happened since then. He has suffered. Nay, he has fallen a victim to the insensate malignancy and avarices of politicians and blackmailers. At their door lies his blood, just as surely as if they had assassinated him with clubs and knives.

And more important still—supremely important, as enlisting the sympathies of the volatile Parisian public—is the romance that enveloped his last hours, and, touched with the red gleam of tragedy, transfigures the memory of poor, foolish, extravagant, warm-hearted "Sugar Bowl" Lebaudy. All the world loves a lover; Paris simply adores one. And Max Lebaudy was a lover. Withal his inamorata was a woman of force, of fame, of gracious charm, if not of genius. And little Max Lebaudy loved her tenderly out all the vicissitudes of his short and turbulent career—loved her in his latter days of illness and persecution with the clinging fondness of a tender-hearted and misunderstood boy. And in dying he left her that which had failed to shield him from a cruel fate—his fortune.

Did she love him? As to that, Mlle. Marsy may keep her own counsel. Perhaps some hint of her feelings may be discerned in this letter, which she has just written:

"I can do no more than tell you the terrible news. My poor dear little patient died at 7:45 last evening after having suffered terribly. His youth had gained the

victory over the typhoid fever. Since yesterday evening the fever had abated. But congestion of the lungs supervened.

At 2 o'clock, when I reached the hospital, he was breathing freely, and no longer complained of pain in the head. He was quiet, but his temperature was very low (35 deg.). I gave him some tea and rubbed him with ammonia. I fought against death for him for two hours.

But the disease made frightful progress; he was literally suffocating. His brother and I sent for the chaplain, and the last sacraments were administered at 4 o'clock. At 4:30 he had an attack of syncope, and I thought all was over. But I still kept up the struggle.

"We put cups to him; we gave him air by opening his mouth, and stimulated his breathing by artificial respiration. All, however, was unavailing, and I closed his eyes at 7:45 o'clock, after having heard his storacious breathing for seven hours.

"Poor boy! I had, at any rate, the consolation of being able to stay with him to the last, thanks to the kindness of the chief surgeon at the hospital."

"Poor, dear child! He had so often begged me not to leave him and be by his side during his last hours."

"Such were his last hours on earth. Now, whatever you may write respecting him, I wish to let you know that my poor friend forgave me who had done him harm. He was a victim of injustice, but he forgave it. Such were the last instructions he gave me, a few days ago, when he spoke to me for the last time, and I am very anxious that no one should be attacked."

Mlle. Marsy and Max Lebaudy were to have been married if he had lived long enough. From a financial point of view, she would not suffer by reason of his untimely death. His estate amounts to \$5,400,000. Although he succeeded in getting rid of a great deal of his money, he was still a millionaire in the conscription and entered the French army as a private soldier, there are still enough millions to make the actress one of the richest women in Europe.

How grotesque a part money plays in this grim comedy of life and death. It was the money which saved him from a cruel fate. As for Mlle. Marsy, it is probable that her association with the Comedie Francaise, including her dividends and her share in the profits, will net her over \$5,000 a year. The actress lives in a small house—the Villa Fanny, just outside Amelie-le-Bains, on the Bains road. It is a charming, secluded spot, surrounded by thick woods. It was here that Max Lebaudy spent his last days, after the military authorities were so lenient to the country roads with the condition of his health, long since undermined by the rigorous discipline and cruel neglect upon which he had suffered in the army. He lived in the military hospital, near his sylvan retirement, very alone. Most of his time was spent in driving through the country roads with Mlle. Marsy. He desired no other companionship. Many were the friends from Paris who presented their cards at the Villa Fanny and the hospital, but all were politely turned away. M. Lebaudy was too ill to receive.

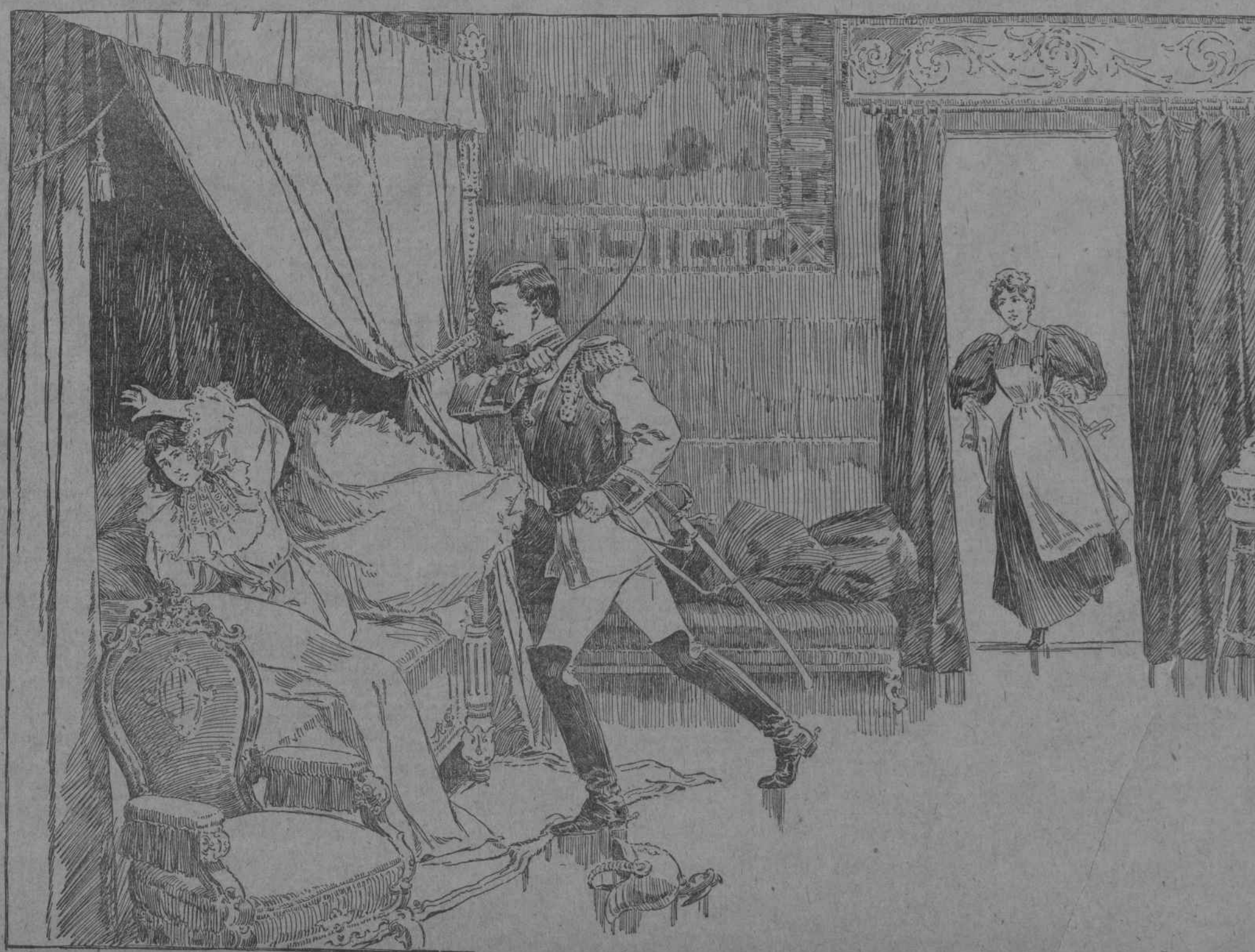
And so he was the poor little "Sugar Bowl." It was a week, nothing more, that the military authorities had yielded up for a brief spell to the care of Mlle. Marsy. He was a wan shadow of his former self, this emaciated victim of rapid dissipation and debauching dissipation, with his hollow cheeks, his trembling hands and his frightened, pleading eyes. And he did not forget the woes of others, though perhaps less unfortunate than himself. Time and again he sent money to the Mayor of Amelie-le-Bains, to be distributed among the poor of the commune. Mlle. Marsy turned him devotedly. She never left his side. So efficacious were her ministrations, and the balm of the place, that the boy gathered more strength than he had known for months.

That was his undoing. When the track of the velodrome at Amelie-le-Bains had been repaired at his own expense, he could not forbear to ride a bicycle once more—an amusement of which he had always been passionately fond. And then, the sporting spirit reasserting itself, he entered into a match race, with pacemakers, with another cyclist. For an hour he pedaled manfully round the track, then, after the race was over, he returned to the villa Fanny, but had hardly entered the door when he fainted from Mlle. Marsy's arms.

And Max Lebaudy's persecutors? It is at least satisfactory to know that the first few of what may prove a large crop of arrests of blackmailing journalists and others implicated in his ill-treatment, are already announced.



Poor Little "Sugar Bowl."
(From a photograph.)



"I Heard the Riding Whip Whiz Through the Air and Come Down Upon the Princess's Shoulders."

Buried by Broadway.

Like the Corridors of a Coal Mine Are These Hidden Chambers.

A Subterranean City Stretching from the Battery to Forty-second Street.

Every Inch of Space in This Marvelously Valuable Town Is Utilized.

SCALDING STEAM AND HOAR FROST.

Great Buildings Sink Deep Into the Ground While They Also Rise High Into the Air.

There is a buried city under Broadway—a city in which commerce whirls and men and women delve, as completely underground as if they were working in a coal mine. This strange part of the strange town gives employment to thousands. The business carried on in New York's subterranean places amounts to millions every year.

In order to economize room where every cubic inch of space has fabulous value, a line of deep cellars and sub-cellars have been dug along both sides of Broadway, extending almost continuously from Bowling Green to Forty-second street.

The depth of these underground business establishments varies almost as much as does the height of the buildings on the street level above. There are many three-story cellars, and the Equitable Building has four cellars under it, which reach well out toward the centre of the street. The out toward the centre of the street. The broadest and deepest of these excavations are the ones which extend out from under the great office buildings and hotels. Many of them are occupied by boilers and engines which furnish power utilized in many ways in the sky-scraping edifices above. There are enough engines and boilers under Broadway pavement to blow up the whole street from the Battery to Union square. There are scores of complete electric power plants.

The temperature of underground Broadway stands at a much higher point than that of the street level.

One of the most interesting of these underground establishments is situated beneath the concrete pavement on the east side of Broadway, near Pine street. It contains a very complete power house. There is an immense engine tucked away under the pavement whose smoother gliding machinery transmits hundreds of horsepower of energy to the elevator systems throughout the buildings above and supplies steam to twenty miles of steam pipes, which heat several hundred homes. The buildings of this Broadway establishment are as hot and grimy as those of any coal mine. They grope about in the dark passageways under these great engines, with their lights occasionally come to the surface for a little while, but they are not seen. A little way further up the street is a complete ice manufactory under one of the great hotels. The machinery here is constantly covered with thick frost, and the coils of pipe directly beneath the feet of men in the hottest weather are covered with ice.

The subterranean of this section of the city is not a new thing. Every day in the year in heavy clothing and wear mufflers and even taps to keep them warm in July. In many of these subterranean offices great quantities of coal are stored. There is a very complete system of drainage in the city. These iron cages and steel-walled rooms under the pavement in this section of the city are as much as any other in the world as safe from intrusion as are these buried vaults. A large part of the work of the city is done in this section, separated by only a few feet from the most densely thronged thoroughfare in the world.

Many other of these subterranean apartments are rented at a high figure, to be used for business offices. Some are furnished in luxurious style. Sub-cellars above are thick covered with rich carpets. Sub-cellar walls and ceilings are frescoed and the rooms are lighted by clusters of incandescent lamps.

The stores along this buried thoroughfare probably contain the most remarkable assortment of merchandise to be found anywhere in the world, and sometimes utilize this underground space as sale or display rooms. In the Japanese district, for example, the retail district has built up the space beneath the street pavement as an Oriental bazaar. Beneath the street and its east of town there are here rows of luxurious divans, splendid hangings and hundreds of costly ornaments, the whole being lighted by incandescent lamps and perfumed with rare Eastern incense.

Several of the retail stores in the shopping districts have placed some of their business counters beneath the glass pavements, and throngs of excited women crowd and push about there to get at the bargain counters. So it happens that a much more animated scene is going on underneath the pavements than could be seen above them. There is almost no end to the stores of use to which this space beneath the Broadway pavement is put. Broadway is growing down into the earth almost as rapidly as it is growing up into the air. In course of time buildings will rise above cellars four and even five stories deep.

Had His Doubts.

[London Truth.]
A Durham miner, aged seventy-three, visited a Newcastle lawyer (a bachelor) for the purpose of making his will. The old man's property consisted of two small cottages, which had cost him £120, and a little furniture. The lawyer having asked him what he wished to dispose of his property, the latter replied: "The old woman has to live all her life as she's my widow. Eater that my heirs get all."

"What age is your old woman?" asked the lawyer.

"Seventy-two," replied the miner.

"And how long have you and your wife been married?" asked the lawyer.

"Over fifty years," replied the miner. Thereupon the lawyer suggested to his client that he should give the wife the interest during her life, whether she continued a widow or otherwise.

"Himself, as a widow; as'll her man say," said the miner.

"But surely," replied the lawyer, "you don't expect your old woman, seventy-two years old, would not again be married?"

The miner, looking the lawyer full in the face, answered with much solemnity: "Well, tummy, my dear, I'm a young fellow like yourself will be for money."

Miner's Nearest Man.

[Lowiston Journal.]
A wealthy resident of York County lost his wife a few weeks ago. His illness was prolonged and no doubt expensive. But that was the poor woman's misfortune, not her fault. However, her deathly husband desired the final weeks of her life by regularly sitting down by her bed each day and detailing how many sicknesses were costing him, stating a trial balance for the suffering wife's benefit every day. At last she died—the doctor, who knew of the husband's singular method of showing a sick-bed, said there was no doubt about it—and while she lay in her coffin the bereaved spouse, deep in thought, picked up one of the dead wife's shoes and carefully figured on its sole with a bit of chalk the sum total of what the sad affair had cost him. This precious statement of facts is solemnly made by the Bangor Commercial, which congratulates the woman on being dead. How about the man—could he be any deader?

Warning to Colorado.

[Baltimore American.]
Now that gold fields have been discovered in the United States, the world is waiting to see whether England will claim that all silver has been under a great mistake concerning the true boundary of her Canadian possessions.